

THE EXAMINER

"PROVE ALL THINGS; HOLD FAST THAT WHICH IS GOOD."

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THE EXAMINER;

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PAUL SEYMOUR,

PUBLISHER.

For the Examiner, every Master in itself, and Non-Follow-up of these holding slaves, the duty of the Christian Church—No. 2.

(CONTINUED.)

Does the objector say, farther, that the servants are described as being "under the yoke," and that this means that they were enslaved? We answer:

"That unbefitting masters held persons under the yoke, really and truly, we dispute not; for it is immediately added, as a reason of faithfulness enjoined, 'that the name of God be not blasphemed.' 1 Tim. 6: 1. Now, there was no danger that a Christian master would blaspheme the name of God, therefore the master holding the servant under the yoke, must have been an unchristianized man."

But if you insist that the servants of believing masters, referred to in 1 Tim. 6: 2, were also under the yoke, we reply:

1. They are contrasted with those in the first verse. "The Greek word *de*, which we translate *and*, or *but*, is used to mark an antithetic sentence." (Stewart's Gr. Gram. § 150, 5.) Again the phrase, "Let as many servants as are under the yoke," &c.,—this evidently implies that there are some servants (*doctors*) not under the yoke; just as the expression in John 1: 12. But as many as received him, &c., implies that some did not receive Christ. Now there was no propriety in this contrast, unless there was a difference in the relation or condition of the servants.

2. The two classes of servants are designated by different phraseology. Paul says, "Let as many servants as are under the yoke, that is, let all the servants in the church, actually under the government of their masters count their own masters worthy of all honor." And why? Because, if they do not, their masters will blaspheme the name of God and his doctrine. But Christians would not blaspheme; consequently the masters of the servants "under the yoke," must have been unbelievers or Pagans. The deduction is clear, that Christians did not have servants under the yoke. But Paul then addresses Timothy concerning another class of servants. What class was this? Mark, Paul did not say in the first instance, Let as many servants as have unbefitting masters, but he left it to be inferred that they were unbelieving masters, from the condition of the servants themselves, they were under the yoke. What then was the other class of servants? Why, those that have believing masters. But were these under the yoke also? If so, why address them thus? Had he not already said, as many as were under the yoke should count their own masters worthy of all honor, and did not this include the masters of all those under the yoke? If it did, then why, after telling them to honor their masters, add that they must not despise them? This would be superfluous. But the plain inference is, that this other class of servants were not under the yoke, and this is left to be understood by the mere consideration that they had believing masters. And they say, he that has believing masters, let them not despise them, because they are their brethren, and that, because their masters are their brethren, and consequently have no authority over them like other masters have over their servants; but rather do them service, because they are faithful and beloved brethren. (And shall we say, brethren hold one another as slaves?) who are partakers of the benefit of that service—Brisbane. The servant was a joint partaker of the proceeds of his toil, with the Christian master. So Clark renders the passage. And McKnight correctly observes, "The Greek word *Energia*, which we translate *benefit*, is no where used to denote the gospel." So, Whately in loco. The servants then of believing masters must have been regarded by these masters and by the Apostles as free laborers.

If the objector still insists that the servants of Christian masters were under the yoke, we answer: they could have been so only nominally, not really—so, only as far as the claim of the Roman law was concerned—not by will of the master, as we have seen from the above. The laws of Rome were such that a master could not emancipate legally, only as he took the slave before a magistrate, gave good and sufficient reasons why the slave should be free, and then obtained the consent of the magistrate, which was difficult to obtain in a country where the slaves were swarming in tumultuous thousands—where insurrections had been frequent, and where public sentiment was almost universally opposed to emancipation.—See Gibbon's Rome, vol. 1: chap. 2; and Biblical Repository, vol. 6. Hence, a master might give up his slave—say to him, "go free," and treat him as such; yet, such slave, as the slaves set free by the Quakers in South Carolina, in opposition to law, would be regarded by the Roman law as property still, and in that sense, under the yoke. But not held so by the Christian master. He could not do so and obey Christ;—"Whosoever ye would others should do to you, do ye even so to them."

Does the objector again say, "the Apostle commanded servants to be obedient to their masters; and that this proves that masters do not do wrong in enslaving them." We reply:

1. There is a relation designated by the term servant, which is right; as that of a minor, bound child to a guardian—a hireling who voluntarily binds himself—contracts to do the lawful bidding of his employer. There were Judaizing teachers, who, looking upon Gentiles as dogs and unbelievers, taught that Christians were under no obligation to obey such.—McKnight. It was necessary for the Apostle to correct this by enjoining obedience upon servants in general.

2. The injunction to obedience is not without limitation. Should a husband require a wife to murder or profane the name of God, or steal, she would be under no obligation to do so. The command then to wives, presupposes that the requirements are reasonable and right; otherwise, she is

not under obligation to obey. So, the command to the servant to be obedient, presupposes that the master require only that which is right. The command does not require that we give up our natural rights. Suppose we white men were held as slaves by the Indians or English, would we suppose that the command to servants, "to be obedient to masters," implied that the Indians or English had a right to hold us as slaves—deprive us of liberty? This prepares us to notice,

3. The fact that we, as free citizens, are required to be obedient and honest—"subject to the powers that be"—is no evidence that God recognizes the right in individual tyrants or governments, to enslave or oppress us. So the fact that servants are required to be obedient, even if that servant be a slave, is no evidence that the master has a right to enslave. We are commanded to do good to those who despitefully use us, but this does not imply that our enemy has a right to so treat us.

We are commanded that if our enemy "smite us on one cheek, to turn the other also"—that is, bear it patiently, not to resort to individual retaliation. But does this obedience enjoined, and the forbearance imposed, imply that our enemy has a right to so treat us? Certainly not.

Again, the servant is commanded to be obedient not only to the good and gentle, but also to the froward (*skolios*, tortuous).

Does this injunction to obedience on the part of the servant imply that the froward or tortuous master has a right to act so towards the servant? Certainly no. No more does the injunction to obedience on the part of the servant, imply that the master has a right to tyrannise over, and rob the servant of his natural right—liberty. One duty is not to be construed as to conflict with another duty. And to construe the duty of obedience, on the part of the servant, so as to yield his liberty, his personal ownership, to the master, in to deprive him of the capacity to perform other duties—as that of worshipping God when and where he in conscience may deem it duty to perform duties to his own soul, to his wife, children, and to his fellow-creatures.

Again—Does the Bible teach moral opposites? Does it teach at one moment that liberty is right, and at the next breath that slavery is right? Who will assert it? And yet this is really the position of those who maintain that the Bible sanctions slavery. In their own case they claim that the Bible sanctions their liberty; but in the case of another they claim that the Bible sanctions their enslavement. Such inconsistencies work out their own cure. Show that those who practice them, or teach them, are in error. The Bible then giving no sanction to slavery, and its fundamental principles being manifestly condemnatory of it, and slavery being a plain violation of natural right should be conceded as sinful, by every candid mind.

The large mass of men will, as we believe, decide that gambling, counterfeiting, and highway robbery, are nothing when compared with slavery. The counterfeiter imposes spurious currency on the community, the gambler, by sleight of hand, and perhaps gaudy knavery, wins and receives your money, and in either case the products of your toil are taken, without giving you an equivalent; and the church will discipline the latter, and the courts punish the former; yet you are still the owner of your person, left free and able-bodied, and as such you can toil for more money, minister to the wants of your family, and discharge the duties of a freeman. But slavery not only takes the produce of the poor man's toil, without giving an equivalent, but robs him of his liberty—the very capacity to minister to his own or other's wants, and converts him into a mere chattel.

An Elder in one of the churches in our State, remarked not long since, that he was like Dr. Rice and Dr. Junkin; he thought the wrong of slavery consisted in its abuse. A friend standing by said: Father R—, suppose I should meet you on the highway, and by superior force take your horse from you, and keep him for my own use, and though I should leave you free to go and acquire another horse, would not the act of taking your horse be sinful in itself? Yes, said Father R—. Well, then, is not slavery worse than taking the horse? Yes, said Father R—. And there is not, perhaps, a candid man in Christendom, who would not admit the same.

On the floor of that convention which met last spring in Frankfort, to devise more efficient plans for the removal of slavery, even by those who did not like to admit that slavery is sinful in itself, the concession was made, that this is the feeling of a large portion of the Christian people of this land. It was impressively said: "there is a way down in the hearts of a large portion of the Christian people of this land, a feeling at war with the institution of slavery. There are many thousand benevolent people in the State who, I care not what they may say, feel in their hearts that slavery is wrong." Mark, slavery, not its excessiveness, or its consequences—but slavery is regarded as wrong. Now, what is the difference between that which is in itself wrong, and that which is sinful. If wrong it is, and that which is sinful, it is, and being broken open, is found full of white pulp; you eat it with a spoon, and find that it contains all the delicate flavors of the pine apple, strawberry and cream. It grows upon a tree as large as the oak.

At every few steps through the market are what I should call cook stands, where a fat looking woman stands in readiness "to do up any little fixings" that may be brought for her to prepare: fried meats, soups, vegetables and pan cakes are served up at the shortest notice, each person bringing his own materials. The outer circle is appropriated to the sale of the common descriptions of dry goods; these are all spread out upon mats on the ground.

Traversing the market, at about every hundred feet, and also through most of the streets in the city, runs a small canal, or stream, of swift water, about four feet wide and one deep. This supplies all the dwellings with water for washing, and receives all the refuse and filth, which the current sweeps off to the river, provided it escapes the eyes of the turkey-buzzards that line its banks.

The market I have just described is a favorite and fashionable resort for ladies of the highest class, after leaving mass in the morning. I noticed many of them dressed in the most extravagant manner, what at

sanction this traffic, they are guilty of the same sin.

The Louisville Journal, speaking of slavery, says: "Slavery in Kentucky is a social, moral, and political evil." Now, a moral evil is sin. The Examiner, in its faithful vigilance for admissions of truth, speaking of the Journal says: "It acknowledges the sinfulness of the system—it could not help doing so."

Now, when politicians and journalists themselves, freely admit that slavery is sinful—a truth proclaimed by our forefathers, and written in the "political faith of our nation," almost a hundred years since, we think Christians, and Christian ministers ought to admit it with much more readiness and frankness. This hair-splitting about things being wrong, and yet not sinful, looks very much like a man either wanted candor, or else that he was afraid an admission of truth would disclose an inconsistency in practice.

Shall the Christian ministry—the men who, like Christ their divine exemplar, are anointed by the spirit of God "to preach deliverance to the captives, to set at liberty them that are bruised, to preach the acceptable year (the Jubilee) of the Lord;" [Luke 4: 18]—shall these, the commissioned messengers of love and mercy, with Bible in hand, be the loudest and longest defenders of the worst tyranny the sun looks upon?

But to return. When we say that slavery is sinful, we do not mean that every master or mistress, who may sustain the nominal relation of master or mistress, is in heart, or in the sight of God, a sinner. A master may have under his guardianship minors whom he has willed or recorded free, when such minors shall have arrived at adult age. Or a master may have bought a slave for the purpose of freeing that slave, and has not had time to obtain from the county court a deed or record of the slave's manumission; or time to convey the slave to a land or State where the slave can be free; or some such relation as the cases referred to, in which the master or mistress holds not the fellow-being as property, but only a guardianship for a time. Such persons are not guilty of the sin of slaveholding. They are only guardians, or redeemers, as Nehemiah, who bought some of his brethren, in order to secure to them their freedom. But the law, the commonwealth, the community of citizens, hold the purchased man as a slave—rob him of his liberty, his personal ownership, and thus create, and perpetuate a relation which, as we have seen, is sinful. So that slavery, by whomsoever caused, is always sinful.

The community in making and perpetuating laws which deprive the innocent adult man or woman of freedom, are the slaveholders and sinners in such cases. But the man who will hunt up shadows, where the reality does not exist, for the purpose of evading the true and practical issue, "whether individual, wilful and deliberate slaveholding is sinful or not," shows a want of candor, as we believe, a want of common honesty in his investigations for truth. But the question is, "Is it wrong, sinful to deprive a peaceful and law-abiding man of his liberty, his right to himself?" We said a man, for, if it is sinful to deprive a white man of his liberty, it is equally sinful to deprive a black man of his liberty, for Christianity knows no difference. And we ask that the church—the Christians—act accordingly; releasing fellowship with those who wilfully and deliberately practice it. In our next, we shall attempt to give you reasons showing it to be duty.

J. G. FER.

Correspondence of the N. Y. Evening Post.

Callao, Peru, June 5th, 1849.

One of the attractions of Lima is its market; this occupies a spacious square, and is well supplied in every respect. A part on only of one side is covered by an apology for a roof, made of reeds and thatching; under this are arranged the meat stalls; here, as in Callao, every thing is cut up to suit the purchasers; for instance, of the fowl kind, you can have all legs, all wings, or all gizzards, just as you choose. These stalls are all attended by Cholo, or Peruvian women, of every age and every variety of dress. I noticed one very fine looking woman, of about twenty-five years of age, who sold lamb and beef; (by the way, this last is always pounded to a jelly to make it tender); she was attired in a light figured satin dress, white satin slippers, flesh colored silk stockings; a great quantity of rich lace from the shoulders to the elbows; with ear-drops and fingers covered with rings; she had a smile and a nod for every one, and you could not but be amused to see her flirting between the beef and mutton, in that rich attire. In the fruit and vegetable market you find an almost endless variety. Heaped upon the ground are green peas, corn, beans, sweet potatoes, yams, arrow root, tomatoes and pumpkins, the best that can be; and as for fruits, every kind I ever saw or heard of, were there in rich abundance, productions of the north, south, east and west. The most delicious fruit that I found was the chirimoya; this is about the size of a pine apple, is marked like it on the outside, but is of a light green color. When ripe it is quite soft, and being broken open, is found full of white pulp; you eat it with a spoon, and find that it contains all the delicate flavors of the pine apple, strawberry and cream. It grows upon a tree as large as the oak.

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Traversing the market, at about every hundred feet, and also through most of the streets in the city, runs a small canal, or stream, of swift water, about four feet wide and one deep. This supplies all the dwellings with water for washing, and receives all the refuse and filth, which the current sweeps off to the river, provided it escapes the eyes of the turkey-buzzards that line its banks.

The market I have just described is a favorite and fashionable resort for ladies of the highest class, after leaving mass in the morning. I noticed many of them dressed in the most extravagant manner, what at

home would be called a full ball dress; their say a manta throwa back, displaying rich embroidered Canton crape shawls, over their shoulders, that I learned would cost from three to five hundred dollars.—Each carried a richly bound prayer book and cambric handkerchief in her hand, a female attendant following with the church mat. The ladies here never wear hats of any description, the saya is a substitute, and when that is not worn, a silk shawl takes its place. The Indian and lower classes of Peruvian women wear Panama hats, like the men in the United States, and always have on silk stockings; cotton ones are unknown here. Mrs. —, while in Lima, attracted much attention on account of her bonnet, which the ladies eyed quite critically; even the nuns being diverted from their devotions.

The Convent of San Francisco, which stands on the banks of the Rimac, is the oldest and most extensive in Lima; with its church and cloisters it covers thirteen acres of ground. Its church is next in size to the cathedral, and at one time was the richest in Peru. This contains many chapels, shrines, and altars, rich with gorgeous decorations of gold and silver, ebony, precious stones, velvet and damask, elegantly disposed. The splendor of its principal chapel inspires the beholder with a sort of religious awe.

There are six cloistered courts, with galleries to each; in the centre are fruit trees and fountains. These galleries are lined over head with elaborate carved work and gilding, the side walls covered with thousands of oil paintings, all depicted in Italy, many of which are set in recesses in the wall, and enclosed by doors or screens, which are only opened upon great festival occasions and saint days—in one of the private chapels of this convent, I counted two hundred and twenty-five heads upon a single canvas.

There are but few friars here at present, but Lima is said to have formerly maintained five hundred, living in the greatest luxury and licentiousness. I visited several in their cells; took tea with one, wine and segars with another, and was invariably treated with marked attention and hospitality. One rather remarkable object in the church, was a shrine and image of a black virgin Mary, with a white infant saviour in her arms. Passing through this convent, without a guide, one is in danger of being lost in its labyrinth of passages.

I was quite fortunate in forming an acquaintance with a young English officer in Brazil, and also finding him at Lima on my arrival there; he was a catholic, but letters from the bishop of Rio, to the official of Peru, and with him I gained admittance every where. I visited about forty convents, monasteries and nunneries; many of them falling into ruin, but still showing evidences of former splendor. During the revolutions of the past century, they have been plundered, levied upon, and in a few years more will be ruined past a redemption. Their value seems quite unknown to the order, as any one of them can be purchased for a mere trifle. Unlike Italy and European countries, Peru has never been despoiled and culled by greedy picture dealers; and I am confident that the collection by the old masters, is greater among the convents of Peru, than in Italy itself. These paintings were purchased at an expense of millions upon millions of dollars.

Besides its many convents, Lima contains fifty-seven churches, and twenty-five chapels, belonging to hospitals, colleges, &c. With the exception of Rio Janeiro, there is a more continuous ringing and chiming of bells, than in any city, I have ever visited.

The convent bells are tolled almost every hour in the day for some ceremony or other, and at midnight they summon with iron tongue the nuns and friars to their vigils. Every church and chapel has its clock, and no two in the city agree in point of time, one or the other is continually out of time. From the number of churches and chapels in Lima, it was a common saying years ago, "that Peru and its capital, the city of Kings, would send more souls and angels to heaven, than the mines would yield dollars to the world."

The institution, with all its horrors, was established at Lima, in 1569, and exercised the same functions as in Spain, until it was abolished by San Martin, in 1821. Its palace is now occupied as a prison; one of its halls, however, is devoted to a public museum; among other things, this contains a variety of Inca mummies, taken from different localities; old Indian relics, paintings and curiosities, with a valuable collection of native minerals. There, I saw the coffin of General LaMar, a very elaborate piece of work, built of rosewood, and carried upon a high pedestal; it was carrying in the great procession, when his remains were brought back to Peru. The military coat of General Salazar, pierced with balls, is exhibited in a glass case; the collection of portraits of distinguished men of Peru, is very large; the ex-Kings and Presidents, over forty in number, from Pizarro down, are shown in full length portraits. Simon Bolivar's is an excellent painting, and occupies a conspicuous position.

It was the custom of Peru, up to the year 1800, to inter the dead either in churches or convents. At that time, two acres of ground, a short distance from the city, were enclosed within high walls, and set apart for a burial place, called the Pantheon; but the people, prejudiced in favor of their old customs, used it but little. In 1821, San Martin issued a decree prohibiting burials in any other place. In the Pantheon are numerous small arches resembling ovens, with doors; in these the bodies of the wealthy are deposited, where they remain from two to six years, according to the time for which they are rented. The poor are thrown into ditches, and covered over with a few inches

of dirt, they are then pounded down, a dozen or more together. All funerals are in the evening; the coffin is taken in torchlight procession, to the church, where it remains over night; the next morning it is buried by the sexton. During All Saints day every kind of business is suspended, and the living turn out en masse, to visit the mansions of the dead—then the bodies of the poor that have been buried one year, and also those of the rich that have lain their time out, are exhumed, and the bones piled up without the Pantheon, where they are burned at leisure.

We visited the cross of St. Christoval, which is conspicuous on the summit of a mountain north of the city. It is of wood, with the letters I. N. K. I. upon it. From this spot you have a fine view of the Andes, rearing their lofty snow-capped peaks high above the clouds.

There is a custom that has long been prevalent throughout Peru and Chili, which, to the stranger, is quite imposing; it is this: at nine o'clock in the morning, at least, and at six in the evening, the great bell of the cathedral is tolled, for one minute; during this time all business is suspended, every one takes off his hat, is expected to kneel, cross himself, repeat his prayers, and the more devout to kiss the pavement. In the street, shop, private dwelling and hotel, all business, all motion, all conversation is suspended, until the great bell ceases to toll; then all life and activity again; the bugles at the Palace gate, and the convent bells sound merrily, and business and conversation are resumed at the point where they were dropped.

Corpus Christi was held on the 7th of June. This is the most interesting ceremony of the whole year. The procession formed at eleven o'clock, in the Grand Plaza; this was composed of the various orders of priests, friars, monks, &c., from the different convents, each with their appropriate emblems and richest decorations; the government guards, of horse and infantry; officers of State, from the President down; members of the military school, students at law, &c., &c., all bearing various symbols, and each with a lighted candle. On the "elevation of the host," during the passage of the procession from the cathedral, two regiments of horse and one of infantry, that flanked the plaza, kneeled in a body. From this you may judge that the horses are as well trained in religious exercises as the men. What interested me most was the ladies, who were all to be seen on duty; many lining the balconies but more mixing with the crowd every where; the say a manto concealing all but one bright laughing eye. I had much amusement, but cannot commit to paper all the interesting incidents of this day.

Rolla's bridge is a stupendous structure of masonry, extending from the north gate of the city to the Alameda, on the opposite side of the river Rimac. It is lined on each side by seats, and is a delightful evening resort. The Alameda extends along the bank of the river, under beautiful shade trees, for nearly two miles. About the centre of it is the amphitheatre, where, during the warm weather, bull fights are exhibited every Sunday. At the termination of the Alameda, are the public baths, which are numerous and convenient, being built over a tolerably sized stream. Each bath is sufficiently large for plunging and swimming, and can be deepened or lowered at pleasure. There is no charge, other than for towels. At a ranchero's near by, I drank the native wine of the country, on the ground where it was grown and pressed. The grapes here were very fine. In company with Doctor Stillman, and Lieutenant Falls, of the Peruvian war steamer Rimac, I visited a number of the ancient mounds or luncheas, supposed to have been built by the old Incas. The history or object of them is entirely unknown. Some are two hundred and forty feet high, and several thousand square, flat on the top, and built of adobe or unburnt bricks, covered over with cement and earth. A casual observer might take them for the natural undulations of the earth. Some of them have been dug over and into, but nothing has as yet been discovered.

At Guayquil, in Ecuador, Lieutenant Falls exhumed from a small mound a mummy, and with several kinds of earthen vessels, some of them surmounted by idols; a number of spears and arrows, made of bone and flint; fishing lines, with hooks of copper and bone; willow and grass cloth, ears of corn, Indian meal and cakes, all in a perfect state of preservation. These, together with a collection of minerals from Bolivia, he presented to the Doctor who will send them home to the United States. Lieutenant Falls took us to the island of St. Lorenzo which forms one side of Callao harbor, where we amused ourselves in shooting ducks, penguins, pelicans and sea lions, as fast as we could load our pieces.

On this island we found the original plant from which the potato was derived through cultivation. The tops are just like the common potato, but the bulbs are small, irregular, and stringy, quite unfit to be eaten. Returning from the island, we went on board the Rimac. She was built two years since, by Bell and Brown, of New York, and her machinery furnished by Stillman, Allen & Co., of the Novelty Works. She is the prettiest craft that floats on the Pacific, carrying eighty thirty-two pounders and one sixty-four amidships. We were presented to the commodore and officers, and took tea on board. They are a very gentlemanly set of fellows, speak a little English, and are all from the first families in Peru, and most of them related to the President. The Rimac is the only steamer owned on the coast, and is considered the main-stay of the government. So long as the President is sure of the loyalty of her officers and crew, he fears no attempted revolution.

Chili is also much more respectful since the acquisition of this formidable ally; and the old commodore, with pride, boasts of his ability to take their whole navy, without the loss of a man; (this I think is the kind of fighting the Peruvians best like.) he says that he can keep his steamer just without reach of any of their guns, while every one of his will tell with deadly effect.

SAN FRANCISCO, Aug. 29th, 1849.

We left Callao on the evening of June 8th, with a fair wind, which carried us down to the equator, in fourteen days, crossing in west longitude 109° 5'. Since then we

have had variable winds, and slow progress, but delightful weather and a smooth sea.

We arrived here on Sunday morning, Aug. 5th, all well, after a fifty-seven days' passage from Callao. We have been in encampment three weeks, in what is called "Happy Valley," which is situated about half a mile above the city, and on the shore of the bay. Here is an abundance of shrub oak, which furnishes us with fuel for cooking, and shelters us in a measure from the winds and sands. My time has been constantly and fully occupied in getting off freight off the ship, and closing up the affairs of our company, which, like every other similar one, was dissolved by mutual consent almost the moment we landed.

It is impossible to convey any idea to you of what San Francisco is; there never was and never will be a city (as it now is) to resemble it. Houses, such as they are, brought from every country in the world, and knocked together in a few hours, constitute the stores and habitations of the better class; the second class are mere scaffolding frames, with canvas stretched over them; the last, and by far the greater proportion, are tents of every size and variety. The city has increased at least one-third in size since I have been in it. There are between three and four hundred ships at anchor in the bay, and one hundred more yet due. Here, I don't know. The stores, streets, vacant lots and beach are all covered with merchandise of every description—there is not sufficient lumber in the city to cover them.

The climate, so much extolled, is now, just about the most unpleasant I ever had experience of: the mornings are cool and very foggy, so that from nine to eleven you first see the sun; at noon the thermometer stands from 100° to 110° in the shade; at the same time a strong wind sets in from the west; this dries away about four o'clock, when the heat gives way to excessive cold and damp; the sun, as it goes down, being followed by immense fog banks, that loom up like mountains. I have been clad more warmly here all the time, than I have ever found the necessity of being during a New York winter. At the times it is exceedingly hot, but from all that I can gather, more healthy than here.

The accounts from the mines are very contradictory; you can believe nothing that you hear in this country, and only one half of what you see; but I am perfectly satisfied that there is gold in abundance here, and that it is to be obtained only through the hardest kind of labor, hardships and privations.

I would advise no friend of mine, in whom I feel interested, to come to California, that is, if he live in receipt of sufficient to support him comfortably at home. Still, I do not regret in the least, that I started. I am in good health, good spirits, and I think, bound to good luck.

W. R. S.

New Zealanders.

I can only say, that I never knew one of them guilty of dishonesty, in any of the frequent dealings which I have had with them, although I have often trusted them with spirits, tobacco, and gunpowder, all of which they covet excessively. I always found them good natured, and very quick at understanding the many new objects which they were called upon to perform when employed by me. They are more easily led than driven, and will always resent a blow if given in anger. I think that those who profess Christianity show great care in attending to the forms of their respective faiths, and are most sincere. The only hypocrite I ever met amongst them, on a religious point, was John Heiki, and he frequently perverted the Scripture to suit his own ends. His intimate knowledge of the Bible astonished me, making use of several lengthy quotations in my only interview with him; and on hearing that I was the person who took old Raturapha prisoner, he sarcastically asked me how much the government gave me for taking a poor old man out of his hut when he was asleep; and was I not proud of the achievement? On my answering that I did not get much for this old chief, who was a brave man, but little as I got for that, I would take him for half the amount, as he was a well-known coward—the people, who were sitting round, laughed heartily at his expense—a point on which all maories are very sensitive. Nearly the whole of his tribe are missionaries, which is what the natives call all Christians; but they are not good examples to take as showing the success which has attended the missionaries in this colony. Inhabiting a neighborhood frequently visited by numerous ships employed in the whale fisheries and other trades, the crews of which have not improved the morals, or in any way assisted, by their example or precept, in impressing them with as favorable an opinion of their Christian brethren as they might have had, if thrown amongst a staid and better educated class of men, has done much to undo the little good they have ever learnt.

It appears to me unaccountable, but it is nevertheless true, that nearly the whole of the natives that took part with John Heiki against the government in the Bay of Islands were Protestants, and continued most strictly to attend to the forms of their religion throughout the war. They at the same time showed some good feeling towards the missionaries, by respecting their property when they were destroying every one else's. I have observed, that where the natives had little intercourse with Europeans except the missionaries, not being in the habit of visiting the large settlements, or being near the harbors frequented by European vessels, they were always the best behaved; this telling greatly in favor of this much abused body of men.

The generality of settlers are not aware of the impressions which their thoughtlessness often make on the ignorant people, who are very quick in detecting anything in a European, inconsistent with what they have been told Christians ought to be.—They are very superstitious regarding the rites to be attended to on the death of a chief—the keeping sacred the spot where his remains are deposited, which is called tabu; any one, even through ignorance, guilty of intruding on any spot under this kind of interdiction, is likely to suffer for it, even to the loss of life. The principal chiefs hold the power of tabuing a road or plantation, or any other place, for instance,

Rangahia tabued the road leading from the principal settlements on the coast, by calling it his backbone; and consequently no one dared trespass on such tender ground: thus cutting off the only means which the out-settlers possessed on bringing their cattle and other goods to Wellington for sale. On its being attempted by an Englishman to drive some cattle along this road in spite of the tabu, his cattle were seized, and himself threatened with death. Some persevering natives of another tribe met with no better success in a similar undertaking; this took place after the Governor had strictly forbidden that such stoppages should be made on any account, and was the immediate cause of the commencement of hostilities in Cook's Straits.

Great complaints have been made of the filthiness of the New Zealanders, but I have met with very many exceptions to this imputed defect. Their usual mode of life prevents that cleanly appearance which they might have; they, of course, become dreadfully smoke-dried from their custom of having fires in their huts without any chimney, which not only discolors their skin, but their usual garment or mat naturally becomes very dingy. The habit of rubbing shark oil over the body is growing into disuse, and the wholesome substitute of soap and water superseding it. They are creatures of example, but I do not think naturally fond of dirt. As a proof of what may be done with them, I can safely say that the natives employed in the police force at Wellington and Auckland, in their neat green uniforms, look as soldier-like and respectable as any of their comrades, their accoutrements always being well cleaned and kept; and it is astonishing how well these men in their fixed duty of soldier and constable. I have seen them walking about with their carbines under their arms when in charge of the prisoners working on the roads, watching them most intently, not allowing anything to take off their attention even for a second.—Mr. Killop's Reminiscences.

AGRICULTURAL.

Stimulating Manures—Experiments.

BY M. S. GALLER.

MANURE. EDITOR—In nothing do we witness such a perfect recklessness and entire want of economy on the part of the farmer, as in his exhibited in the waste of those substances which tend to the nutrition, or the stimulus of plants. What a vast amount of these is yearly and daily wasted! The farmer, who is so busy, and so much interested in the most salutary and beneficial results. Farmers are, generally, too careless in the preservation of manure. It is a matter of course, that manure, to preserve and apply whatever can possibly tend to increase a crop. Yet very few act upon this principle. Indeed, the great majority of our farmers neglect to attend properly to this matter, and suffer serious losses on that account. Most especially, it is too true that, by many farmers, manure is not saved and applied to the production of vegetable substances. Some sell this valuable manure to sub-ferriers for an insignificant sum; others suffer it to remain about the house, and consequently cause a lamentable want of economy on their part.

Write our farmers aware of the value of both leached and unleached ashes as a stimulating manure, it does seem that they would not be guilty of such superstitious folly as selling them for ten cents per bushel, or that they would go to the waste. Ashes, on most soils, and in most seasons, has not its equal in the whole catalogue of stimulants. "We speak what we know, and testify what we have seen."

During the past season, I have made some experiments, testing the real value of ashes as a manure. For the purpose of these experiments, I selected a row of corn planted upon soil of equal fertility; and each of which received the same care and attention in tillage. To the first applied unleached ashes, to the second leached ashes, to the third unleached ashes after having the first time, and to the fourth no ashes. The ashes were applied to the first and second rows, after the first time, and to the third row, after the second time. The results were as follows:—The first row, which received no ashes, yielded 35 bushels of corn; the second row, which received unleached ashes, yielded 45 bushels; the third row, which received leached ashes, yielded 55 bushels. And, from that to which no ashes were applied, 24 bushels of corn.

From these crops, I have derived the following facts:—1. That leached ashes are more valuable as a manure than unleached ones. But I applied double the quantity of leached ashes to the second row, than I did of unleached ones to the first row. 2. That ashes are not far from being one-fourth better to be applied as soon as the crop appears than after having the first time. 3. That the application of ashes at a proper season will increase a crop of corn nearly one-third. It is true, that the application of ashes to the second row, after the first time, was not so beneficial as the application of ashes to the first row, after the first time. This is owing to the fact, that the soil in the second row was more exhausted than the soil in the first row. The application of ashes, in this case, is an effectual remedy.

BEST, Chaut. Comm. N. Y., Oct., 1849.

THE PLOW.—Among the elements of improvement in agriculture, Mr. Woodbury, in his address before the Institute, mentions the plow, which "from being a mere stick, has become a machine of iron."

The use of iron is hardly more an evidence of the fact of civilization, than is the fashion of this implement a measure of the degree to which civilization has attained. I should like to see an applied at the Institute, the plow used

Advertisement for Sarsaparilla, featuring a portrait of a man and text describing the medicine's benefits for various ailments, including skin diseases and general weakness. The text is arranged in columns around the central image.

From the Union Magazine for October.
The Bella.

PAULINE.
A Historic Sketch.

BY PERCY B. ST. JOHN.

Pauline had many lovers, a great many, a young ladies who are pretty, modest, and virtuous, are apt to have, especially when rich; for although the world is not half so selfish and wicked as certain persons fancy, yet a grain of interested love will always creep out among the truest suitors. Two lovers were chiefly assiduous in their attentions: the one, a rich shopkeeper of the same street; the other, a poor *frotteur*.—Both were young, tolerably good-looking, and very devoted in their attachment; and it would have been hard to say which was most deserving. But Monsieur Alexie Lereux was rich, and Jean Prevost was poor. It will readily be understood that the parents of Pauline would not have hesitated in their choice, but they knew only of the affection of Alexis; that of Jean was concealed even from himself. Alexis came often to the house under one pretence or another, and was always favorably received. The good Boulauds were highly flattered at his preference. Pauline liked his frank open manners, and always greeted him with a smile. The frotteur—one who waxes and shines by means of rubbing the wooden floors of rooms—came to the house in the exercise of his trade. He always showed low to Pauline, and asked her how she was; and even on her *feite day*, had brought a single rose, which was graciously received. Jean was also a commissioner, and ran on errands, and often came to the house to buy perfumes, soap, &c. for his

and honest features were excited as if by deep indignation; the palor of horror was

on his countenance. But the prefect of police, remembering the past, had

the foreign ambassadors, princes, and courtiers, who on this occasion were all received in state. The lieutenant of police joined Jean Prevost, guarded in a private chamber by two *euxemls*, and sat down to a hurried meal, in which he invited the *roturier* to join him without ceremony.

Meanwhile Louis XV. had entered the Hall of Treaties, and seated himself on his throne at the end of the apartment. Before him was the magnificent round mosaic table given to Louis le Grand by the republic of Venice, and which was now destined to receive the splendour and rare bouquets offered on this occasion by the royal family, the grand officers of the household, and the members of the diplomatic corps, to the king. The crowd was gay and gorgeous. Every variety of costume, rich, bright, and resplendent, shone beneath the blaze of light, which showed off the brilliance of the diamonds on the women.—The king, who, despite his frivolity, had great courage, and a fund of good sense, which, with other education, would have made him a different man, was by no means moved, but smiled graciously on Madame de Pompadour, and caressed her favorite pannel, which sat upon a stool between them, and at their feet.

The ceremony commenced. The king

*This is not borrowed from the poisonings of Catherine de Medici. The narrative is historical, and to be found in full detail in the archives of the police.

vete, truth, and sincerity, which deeply interested the king, used wholly to another atmosphere. Next morning Louis, after

shaking Jean warmly by the hand, and

tence, since how people have troubled them-
 selves about it. But that I have spoken
 myself with the minister of police—I should
 think—never mind: I am not a fool. But
 of course I should be wrong. Well, Paul-
 ine, you must this morning decide. Two
 lovers are at your feet—Alexis and, you
 will never believe it, Jean Prevost the foot-
 porter! Isn't it ridiculous?
 'Dear father, excuse poor Jean,' stam-
 mered Pauline.
 'I knew you would forgive him, child;
 but now you must decide freely, of your
 own will, between them. We have our
 wishes; but that is nothing; we leave you
 wholly unbiased. Speak out like a good
 girl, and speak frankly.'
 'But, my dear father, I have no wish to
 marry.'
 'But, child, you must. You shall know
 the reasons another time. So now, child,
 you must speak out. Which is to be—
 Alexis or Jean?'
 'Must I speak now?' said Pauline blush-
 ing.
 'Yes, child, put in Madame Boulard; it
 is absolutely necessary.'
 'Then, dear papa, dear mamma, if it's all
 the same to you, I like Alexis!—'
 'I knew it!' cried the delighted Bour-
 dard.
 'Very well; but—I—love—Jean.' And
 Pauline buried her pretty, blushing, pouting
 face in her hands.
 The next day, looked at his wife,

Never, but in a slaver, were seen such groups of woe-begone wretches. Many were ill with previous disease, and all of

them laboring under the distressing effects

"But 'tis such the state of things in fair weather," he demanded, "how will it be if it should come on to blow?"

"If it is a downright regular gale, we shall save the d—'s own time, of course," replied the captain. "When it comes to closing the hatches, it is all up with the voyage. You can hardly save enough to pay expenses. They die like leeches in a summer storm. I was once in a little schooner with three hundred on board, and we were compelled to lie to for three days. It was the worst sea I ever saw, and came near swamping us several times. We lost 150 slaves in that gale. We couldn't get up the dead ones to throw them overboard very handily, and so those that didn't die on want of air were killed by the rolling and tumbling about of the corpses. Of the surviving ones, some had their limbs broken, and every one had the flesh of his leg worn to the bone by the shackle irons."

"Good God and you still pursue the horrible trade!"

"Certainly; why not? Despite of accidents the trade is profitable, and for the utility of it, no one is to blame except the English. Were it not for them, large and many vessels would be employed, and it would be an object to bring the slaves overboard every comfort; and in as good a condition as when they were taken."

ties were often stained by acts of tyranny and cruelty, but he accomplished a work

which would have been impossible to a man of finer fibre and keener morality.

the annexation of the Syrian provinces, and to carry the war even to the Dardanelles. Stranger revolutions have happened in the East than that the petty tobacco-dealer of Covalla should have leaped into his master's seat, and borne away in the city of Constantinople. The events of 1840, and the bombardment of Acre, are fresh in the recollection of Europe. No such idea ever entered into the imagination of the crafty viceroys, as that he was fitted to cope by himself with the arms of the European powers. He trusted that the strength of all would be neutralized by their mutual jealousy; and how nearly he approached success, the events of the time have proved. The conquest of Constantinople by Mehemet Ali has been, within the limits of legitimate dreaming, the most splendid political conception of the last twenty-five years. It was not a game in which any man was likely to succeed, but it was a game which a very bold and a very extraordinary man was likely enough to play.

It is, however, by the acts of his internal administration that Mehemet Ali must be mainly judged. There can be no doubt that he has given a great onward impulse to the territory over which he bore sway for so long a period. The army and navy he called into existence, if not sufficient to contend with the great European powers, with any chance of success, are at least of sufficient importance to give stability to the government of Egypt against attacks from

ed; but this is no great hardship, since the *yushmee*, which is of white muslin, is usually, especially if the feet are pretty, as this

and transparent, that the features are easily

Slavery still exists in Turkey, but with one of its blacker elements. Its type is much like that of the slavery of ancient Scripture times. The slave, instead of being a soulless chattel, is really a member of his master's family. He is neither degraded nor degraded; he possesses his rights and his privileges, and has many facilities for elevating his social condition. His compulsory term of service is only seven years, and when he leaves his master, the latter is bound to settle upon him a *peculium*. He is subjected to no such task work as is imposed upon the American slave, since his business is not field labor. But attention to the personal wants of his master. Slaves in Turkey frequently rise to the highest places of trust and dignity, and become Seraskiers and even Viziers. The son-in-law of the late Sultan, was originally a Georgian slave. Circassian slaves are now comparatively rare, not, however, on account of any unwillingness on the part of Circassian parents to entrust their children to Turkish control, but because the Russians prevent as much as possible their exportation from the Black Sea ports. The few that in spite of all obstacles find their way to Constantinople, are never exposed to public sale, but are to be purchased only at a few private houses in the suburb Topkhane. There is even no longer a market for black African slaves. It was abolished by the late Sultan, and will never again be tolerated.

arm, and turning her veiled face towards me, while her little eyes twinkled through the gauze in the moonlight.

"Don't what?" I asked. "I'm not doing

Did you ever, reader, sleigh-ride with a widow and take toll at the bridges?

The following paragraph was sent to a bachelor friend of ours by one of his fair correspondents. How gentle the blast! How charitable the feelings that prompted it!

MISERIES OF A BACHELOR'S LIFE.—“Poor fellow! he returns to his lodging—I will not say to his ‘home.’ There may be everything he can possibly desire, in the shape of mere external comforts provided for him by the officious zeal of Mrs.—, his housekeeper, but still the room has an air of chilling vacancy; the very atmosphere of the apartment has a dim, uninhabited appearance—the chairs, set round with provoking nestles, look reproachfully useless and unoccupied; and the tables and their furniture shine with impertinent and untimely brightness. All is dreary and repelling. No gentle face welcomes his arrival—no loving hands meet his—no kind look answers the listless gaze he throws round the apartment. He sits down to a book—alone; there is no one sitting by his side to sympathize with him the favorite passage—the apt remark, the just criticism; no eyes in which to read his own feelings; his own tastes are unappreciated and unreflected; he has no resource but himself; all his happiness must emanate from himself. He plunges down the volume in despair, hides his